

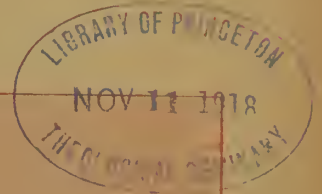
VOL XVI

NO. 3

THE AMERICAN M^CALL RECORD



OCTOBER
1898



LE BON MESSAGER AT CÉZY, MAY, 1898

THE AMERICAN McALL RECORD

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Concerning Mrs. Mitchell Tyng, who has gone abroad as Representative Secretary to collect material for use in speaking before the Auxiliaries, the *Paris Quarterly* says: "The American McAll Association have requested Mrs. Mitchell Tyng to spend the summer in France, and to visit as many of the stations of the Mission as possible, so as to become thoroughly acquainted with what is being done, that she may be able to speak on behalf of the Mission in America in the coming autumn and winter. We have had much pleasure in welcoming Mrs. Tyng, and she has already been able to see a good deal both in Paris and the provinces, besides visiting Nantes and being present at the interesting *fêtes* lately held there in celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the famous Edict."

As was announced at the annual meeting, and as appears in an extract from the *Paris Quarterly* on another page, Pastor Lenoir is coming from France in December to spend several months in visiting and addressing the Auxiliaries and to be present at our next annual meeting. Pastor Lenoir has long been at the head of the work in Marseilles, and has been in fact, in some sort, bishop of all the work along the Mediterranean. He is the son-in-law of M. Sautter, who since Dr. McAll's death has been Honorary President of the Mission. He is a man of admirable gifts, and his visit to us can hardly be anticipated with too much interest.

Readers of the RECORD will, perhaps, be interested to learn that the editor is spending September and early October in France, in the especial hope of gaining new inspiration and collecting material of fresh interest for these pages. This, with the letters of Mrs. Mitchell Tyng, of which we have a delightful foretaste in this number, will give new value to our little magazine, and we hope that the subscription list will be largely increased in consequence. We have the promise, for next number, of a description by Mrs. Tyng of the recent celebration of the tri-centenary of the Edict of Nantes.

Last spring Mr. Greig visited the interesting stations on the Riviera, Nice, Cannes, Grasse and Le Cannet, and extended his tour as far as Corsica, where

he was glad to find M. and Mme. Rombeau full of zeal and energy in their work. He also visited some of the northern provincial stations. Later he visited Edinburgh, and took part in some of the Church Assemblies, going also to Glasgow to the Christian Endeavor Convention. Thus, while so heavily burdened with the administration of the Mission, our Director loses no opportunity to gain new friends and supporters for the cause.

We would particularly direct the attention of our readers to an article in this number, which answers one of the most importunate questions of those who are interested in the welfare of France through our Mission—an article giving some details of those who have been received as members of the churches from our halls during the past year. There are many others, no doubt, who are not heard from, and many also who do not take their place among those professing Evangelical faith, but who are as truly the Lord's, and who pass away to be with Him. It is said that one, who is about going to Africa as a missionary, was brought to the Lord in our halls at Marseilles, and a worker has lately gone to Madagascar who was converted in the hall and church at Angers. About one hundred are known to have been added to the churches this past year.

Those of our friends who have not yet received copies of the Report of the annual meeting are urged to send to the Bureau and ask for a copy. It is especially important that those who cannot attend the annual convention should learn what took place there; while those who were delegates to the meeting will be particularly interested in reviving their memories of what there occurred. Some of the papers read were of unusual value and interest, and will furnish admirable material for meetings of the Auxiliaries.

As the new season opens we would once again urge upon our friends to see that their Sunday-school libraries contain all the books that tell about the McAll Mission. Dr. Bonar's "The White Fields of France," is by no means antiquated, and it is as fascinating—we will not say "as a novel," for that is to do scant justice to its charm—as fascinating as a very thrilling true story told by a most gifted writer would naturally be. Then there are Miss Moggridge's "Among the French Folk," and "A Voice from the Land of Calvin and Voltaire," not to mention "Fifine" and the "Cruise of the Mystery."

The letter from M. Soltau, which was read at the Boston Convention, has been published in a four-page leaflet for free distribution, and the Auxiliaries are urged to circulate it widely.

REQUEST FOR PRAYER.

The following request appears in the Paris *Quarterly* :

“ We would ask special prayer for guidance in two matters of great importance. We have to find a worker to take the place of Pastor Escande at Grenelle, Paris, where the work is so important and encouraging, as there is a church formed in the hall, besides the various meetings, schools, etc., held there and at Javel. Pastor Escande is settling down in the work at Madagascar, and Mmc. Escande is soon to join him. It is a great loss to us, but we cannot feel surprised that the overwhelming need in Madagascar has compelled our dear friend and colleague to stay there.

“ Then at Marseilles there will be shortly a change, as Pastor Lenoir is coming to Paris to work with us here, as soon as he shall have returned from a journey to America, where he has been invited by the American McAll Association. M. Lenoir will be leaving for America in December (*D. V.*).

“ The great need in France is men able to evangelize. The drain upon the churches to supply the foreign field is serious, and one looks around anxiously to know how the gaps in the ranks can be filled. We need more than ever to pray the Lord of the harvest to thrust forth laborers of His own choosing into this part of the field.”

 McALL MISSION BOOKLETS.

We have now twelve booklets, which give interesting stories connected with the Mission work in France, and also information concerning the need and the extent of the Mission. We invite all our friends to send to the Bureau for copies for circulation. For prices, please see cover of the RECORD.

- No. 1. The Present Outlook in France, by Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D.
- No. 2. Twelve Questions Answered, by Rev. L. T. Chamberlain, D. D.
- No. 3. Two French Anarchists and the Gospel, by Prof. J. L. Bertrand, Paris.
- No. 4. Brave Little Louis : A True Story for the Children, by W. S.
- No. 5. Much Forgiven.
- No. 6. The Gospel for France, by W. S.
- No. 7. The Need of Temperance Work in France, by W. S.
- No. 8. Worth Saving : Two Trophies of the Work at Marseilles.
- No. 9. At Last : A Tale of Old Paris.
- No. 10. Impossible with Men.
- No. 11. On the Silent Highway : *Le Bon Messager* and its Work.
- No. 12. The Claims of France, by Joseph Alexander.

Nos. 1, 2, 6, 7 and 11 are specially suitable for distributing among those who know nothing of the work of the Mission.

TWO VISITS TO THE *BON MESSAGER*.

[By the Representative Secretary.]

It was in the freshness of the springtime that I first saw the *Bon Messager*. I take from my portfolio a letter from Dr. Benham, bearing date May 20th. He writes :

“ The Mission Boat is now at C zy, a village on the Yonne, about four and a half hours from Paris, on the way towards Dijon. The meetings have been excellent and are capitally attended. You could not have a better opportunity of seeing the work at its best. * * I write to say that Mrs. Benham and I are hoping D. V. to pay a visit to the *Bon Messager* next Wednesday, and shall be delighted if you could accompany us. We shall leave the *gare de Lyon* at 12.05. We should have dinner in the evenings on board the boat and sleep at the inn in the village. We shall spend two nights there, returning Friday morning to Paris.”

It needed no pressure of invitation. Wednesday, midday found me at the *gare de Lyon*, at a comfortable luncheon with Dr. and Mrs. Benham. Afterwards we were soon whirling away from Paris. As we passed through Bercy, the first suburb, Dr. Benham pointed out Mr. Greig’s house. At Thomery, a little station beyond Fontainebleau, we were surprised to see Miss Coldstream, Miss Ramsey and Mrs. Matheson. They had been on a little outing for the latter, who had come over from England for a visit of two weeks to the Mission. She joined us, the others returning to Paris. You can imagine our cheerful journey in the little compartment which we soon had to ourselves.

Monsieur Huet was at the station at C zy to welcome us. It was quite a little distance to the village, but we determined to walk. The skies were threatening, with gleams of sunlight now and then. Such beauty greeted us! The hedges, well trimmed on each side of the white, hard, shining road, were sweet and fragrant with the clusters of pink and white hawthorn ; the lilacs in the gardens in purple richness of bloom, the old women standing at the gateways in clean white aprons and white caps, some of them knitting vigorously as they watched us curiously, and gossiped together, about “*les Protestantess*” perhaps. They were very smiling, however, and we felt no antagonism. The little children rolled and tumbled about on the grass at the sides, and occasionally an automobile steamed past. Over all was the flush of the late afternoon, made more brilliant by the clouds. We reached the inn, quite rustic with green lattice against the walls and thick clambering honeysuckle in bloom. Dr. Benham went at once to find the *Bon Messager*, while we settled ourselves in our different rooms. He soon returned with the cheering word that the river was quite near and the Boat was moored at a beautiful spot just

below a great stone bridge, that Madame Huet's dinner was ready, and Monsieur Villéger, whose evening of service it was, had already arrived. A heavy rain had come on, but we made our way to the Boat and the dinner was a great success. The table was laid at the end of the *salle*, near the entrance. I can assure you we did not linger over the teacups, as everything had to be quickly cleared before the people began to arrive. Long before eight o'clock every seat was filled. Mrs. Matheson played the hymns, and as usual Monsieur Huet led the singing, which was full and hearty. By the time Monsieur Villéger began to speak the forward balcony entrance was crowded and many more upon the banks, as it had stopped raining. Monsieur Villéger is an interesting speaker, full of animation. The attention to his discourse was marked. Dr. Benham followed with a short address, speaking of Christ's great love, and Mrs. Matheson added a few words of exhortation to study the Bible, so as to learn of Christ, our Master himself.

I noticed the faces closely and saw many different types—farmers, *ouvriers* employes from railroads with the gilt bands of the Paris and Lyons Company. Men whose appearance bespoke the proprietor, or *rentier*, as they call those who live on their investments. There were many women, too, and young boys; but the men were in the majority.

The simplicity and earnestness of the service was impressive. After the prayer and benediction by Dr. Benham many people waited to shake hands and make their salutations.

One tall, bronzed, stalwart man, dressed in brown corduroy, with a Byronic tie, said quite frankly that he was a skeptic in religious matters. He thought much, and these discourses, he confessed, interested him greatly. He must believe the existence of a Great Power when he looked on the face of Nature; but as yet he had not thought much of the sacrifice of the Christ. He had bought a Bible and he promised to read it carefully and honestly. He pressed all of us to come and visit him during our stay.

Fortunately the next day was brilliantly clear. Dr. and Mrs. Benham and M. Huet made the visit, a long walk back through the hills, and they had a quiet talk with the proprietor of the vineyard, as the friend proved to be. He had been at the meeting every evening, M. Huet said, and was there again on Friday.

The second evening the place was more than crowded. The young men climbed up on the roof and listened from the sky windows, which were opened—the banks were lined with an orderly and well-behaved crowd. Monsieur Fournau, from Sens,* a good-sized town nearer to Paris, had the service,

*Also on the Yonne. The boat has since spent several weeks there.—EDITOR

with the assistance of Dr. Benham, and M. Huet. I played the organ, and the people sang well the *cantiques* as they called them. Monsieur Fourneau is a scholarly man, and usually touches the vital, practical, everyday issues of life and leaves the lesson well impressed.

Many were the regrets and bewailments after the service at the near departure of the Boat, its three weeks being at an end. It was to move on to the next village, St. Julian-on-Sault.

I must not omit to speak of Madame Huet's Thursday afternoon school for the children and young people. They come in numbers, many of the mothers coming with them. Madame H. seems to interest them much, and gives herself to the teaching with great animation. After the review of the past lesson—they answer eagerly—she hangs up the large picture roll of the new lesson, which they always greet with delight. Here, and everywhere, let me say, what a help, what a cheer and interest these beautiful pictures and cards give. Even the old women are made happy by a bright card or a picture leaflet after the lessons. Dear, patient, hard-worn souls! They touched my heart as I saw them, one and another, trudging along under the tall poplars bent and bowed from the burden-carrying of youth. I had a walk with a little company of these towards St. Aubin, a village near Cézzy, from which they came. I asked them about their priest, "Monsieur le Curé." One of them humped up her shoulders in her droll way, and looked up from under her white cap, as she answered emphatically: "Monsieur le Curé! He is very old, madame, and he cares much more for his many bees, than for his people. He only comes when one goes to die!"

These peasant folk are indeed as sheep without a shepherd. It is a rich valley with many small proprietors and much industry, but for religious instruction, they have none. And what is the result? They are not Catholics, many of them, but free-thinkers and materialists. To be the last means alcoholism and immorality, for the creed is—eat, drink, and be merry; to-morrow we die. The conferences on the *Bon Messager* are a revelation. Distinct change of life has been the result again and again in signal instances. There are numbers of Protestants scattered throughout the districts through which the Boat passes. These have been strengthened and brought into sympathy, while at some places permanent salles have been opened, as at Auxerre. At Joigny, the place which preceded Cézzy, fine meetings were held. It was with no small regret that we turned our faces from the Yonne towards Paris, and I promised myself a second visit to the *Bon Messager* as soon as possible.

THE SECOND VISIT.

Villeneuve-sur-Yonne, July 18th.

Fields and fields of ripe, rich grain ; acres of vigorous vines upon which the clusters hang with promise for the autumn. Again, the long avenues of poplars, and a wide horizon of hills sweeping back from all points. The express trains for the South, Switzerland and Italy go whirling through in the distance many times a day. The *Bon Messenger* is moored just below the great stone bridge across the river—again the Yonne—which divides both valley and town. There are many rowboats for hire, and I noticed that the women come down only a short distance away to do the family washing in their primitive fashion.

One must descend a long flight of uneven, grass-grown steps to reach the Boat. It can be well understood why the hour of evening service has been fixed at nine o'clock. The heat and burden of the summer are upon the workers. This is the Department of Burgundy—the wine district. The peasants are up long before the dawn on their way to the fields—men and women alike—to trim and dress the vines, to cut the hay or the grain. The women come home later with the great panniers strapped across the shoulders, and while the sun pours down and the misty haze is over everything, they do the work at home, the men remaining in the fields, where they may be seen taking the noonday rest behind the piled-up sheaves. The cooler hours of the afternoon find everybody again at work. They linger until long after sunset. It was my delight to stand on the bridge and watch them coming home through the twilight, some on foot, the panniers filled with green trimmings, some with queer high carts, equally laden, and drawn by a patient little donkey.

I arrived from Fontainebleau in the late afternoon, Saturday. I was made comfortable at the primitive little Hotel du Dauphin, and as soon as dinner was over I descended to the street and started on a tour of inspection. It seems to me always a good plan to reconnoitre a little quietly when one is in a strange country and is planning any sort of campaign. Villeneuve is quite a town, very old, very quaint, with more than five thousand people. At each end of the street is a Gothic gateway of historic memory, and midway along, facing the descent to the river, is an old Cathedral, dark, sombre, weather-worn. I heard the organ and the sound of singing, and I saw little groups entering from time to time, and so I went, too. I found one of the services of the "Perpetual Adoration." The altar was ablaze with many tall candles lighted, and the music was really fine. A good congregation in the nave was waiting the discourse of the priest, who soon began to preach from the oak

pulpit against one of the pillars of the nave. His subject was an exposition of the doctrine of transubstantiation, and a very clever and sophistical argument he made. He took pains to say—induced perhaps by his little neighbor on the river—that at the salles of the Protestant reunions “these doctrines of the Church are denied.”

As I left I said to myself, “Surely the *Bon Messager* will have a struggle here, under the shadow of this cathedral. She can make but little headway here.” The next afternoon when I spoke of it to M. Fourneau and M. Huet, the former was full of confidence, and said, in his bright way, “We do not care for that! There are many priests, many sisters of the Roman Church here, and they naturally try to keep the people away, but there are many, too, who never go near the church. They come here, though, again and again. The priests have but little real influence with these people, who are weary of the monotonous formalism and the lack of spirituality.”

The hall was quite full on Sunday evening; the discourse was of the mutual duties of husband and wife. There were many smiles and significant nods, and great attention. The singing was not so good as at Cézay, though M. Huet and I did our best to inspire them. Madame Huet stood at the entrance and gave each visitor a welcome and a leaflet.

I want to speak of Monsieur Huet. He is a quiet, refined man, and in his own evenings has a quiet, serious way of putting the Gospel truths, which is very persuasive. They have two sweet little girls, Amélie and Lucie.

I stayed at Villeneuve for nearly a week; a little lonely at first, but going each evening to the services—the sunset walk being one of the joys of the day. Then, too, I found many opportunities in the little shops at the market, under the long promenade of great chestnut trees which encircle the town, to have quiet talks with the keepers, and I never forgot to ask if they knew the “Bateau Protestant,” as they call it.

Miss Burgess, the delegate from Great Britain—who is finishing just the tour I am making, and for the same purpose—came, fortunately, for two days, and I can assure you we had much pleasure in making our afternoon promenades together. We often found the women sitting together around their doorways in groups, sewing or knitting. We had always our little leaflets or books to give them, and there were some interesting incidents. Miss Burgess made a sketch and I took some photographs. We were both impressed by the congregation and their attention, and the responsiveness we met in our approaches as we went about the town. Truly there is a great door open, but the laborers are too few. Men and money; men most especially, consecrated, devoted, tactful, is the need for this provincial service. The work of the Boat has been

superb, but when one remembers that it comes to the same place but once in three years, the interval is long, and the light must be kept burning.

Monsieur Fourneau gave a good discourse one of his evenings. "What is it to be a Christian?" He told of a monk of the Grand Chartreuse, a friend of his father, who confessed to him that after years of seclusion he was no nearer the solution personally than when on the Boulevard des Italiens with all the world. It is character, the man renewed after the example of Christ, not place, nor formal observances. During the service we heard the plash of oars just outside the windows, and I saw one or two boats waiting alongside. The Protestants in the little towns near seem to have been much awakened, and many came great distances to the services on the Boat. I saw a family who had come five kilometres (some three miles) in the afternoon and they had to remain after the service until one o'clock in the morning at the station to get their train. They seemed to think nothing of it. Again I left with regret. May God prosper the cruise of the *Bon Messager*.

EMMA MOFFETT TYNG.

AN OUTSIDE REPORT FROM LIMOGES.

Concerning this interesting field from which in this number and that of last April we have communications from Mlle. de Garis, it is interesting to read the following in *Le Messager Centre-Ouest*, of France. Speaking of the Protestants of Limoges, the paper says:

"One of them, moved by the thought that this immense population (70,000 inhabitants) had never had the opportunity to hear the Gospel spoken of, resolved to open a place of meeting under the auspices of the Popular Mission [McAll]. The attendance, two-thirds being converted Catholics, is continually increasing. The worthy agent, M. Beyer, who spends himself without reckoning, believed it his duty to extend the field of his activity. Seconded by a Christian woman such as we would there were many in our churches, Mlle. de Garis, he has opened a new hall in an industrial district, and formed two Thursday schools, that, so far as numbers go, would do credit to our strongest churches. That of the *Clos Sainte-Marie* counts more than seventy children. The (Catholic) clergy, here as elsewhere, is making desperate attempts to create difficulties for our friends; it appears even that certain city officials lend themselves to the designs of our adversaries, forgetting that it is their duty to maintain the strictest neutrality. We thank them; the evil that they have wished to do has been turned to good, arousing in the minds of those who attend the meetings true sympathy with those who are carrying on the work."

"WHAT BECOMES OF THE CONVERTS?"

[From the Paris *Quarterly*.]

Two years ago we gave an answer to this question, and as it is one so often repeated, we return to the subject once again, in order to show that we have great cause for thankfulness in being allowed to see so many of our converts taking their places with the people of God and openly enrolling themselves as among His children.

We do not keep any register of such, nor do we publish statistics of those who become church members, but the following facts will interest our readers and encourage them to pray for those who are often very weak in faith and surrounded by great temptations, but who, so far as we can judge, do desire to serve their Lord and Master.

Beginning with Paris, we find that from one station—Bd. Voltaire—ten families were joined to the Church of the Avenue Ledru Rollin—*i. e.*, one or both parents were received on profession of their faith in Christ, and as a consequence, all the family came under Christian instruction.

At Montreuil, outside Paris, there are sixteen being prepared for church membership, who will be received this year, probably, if they have not already been.

Another station outside Paris also reports two as joining the church, and from another in Paris two joined last year and one this year, while from another several were added last summer, and one in the winter. At the hall at Ménilmontant, not less than seventeen have taken their place in the Lutheran Church, after careful teaching by Pastors L. Appia and F. Dumas.

From the Salle Rivoli at least seven have entered church fellowship, it not more; while from the Boulevard Barbès, during the past two years, fifteen families have been gained, eighteen members having joined the church, and sixteen children the Sunday-school, to be trained up for the Lord.

At Bercy three were received as the direct result of the Mission work, while others have been more or less brought in by the meetings and by visitation.

We have not anything like full details of the work in the Provinces, taken from this point of view, but what we have to record is very cheering. At Nantes, where the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the Edict has been taking place, we have to record that eight persons, men and women, have been received as church members from our hall, to the great joy of M. Leuba. Last year, also, nine were received.

From other stations we hear of one and two being received; now it is the wife following her husband, or the husband joining the wife at the Lord's

Table. Two stations report five as being added to the churches, and from another the pastor says that each year he receives some who have been brought in through the meetings in the hall.

In short, we can say that *at least one hundred converts have been admitted to Church fellowship during the past year*, and many were received the previous year; while in several places we are told that there are a good number receiving instruction for reception at a later date.

We pray that these may all prove worthy of the great Name by which they are called. It must be remembered that many children and young people of these households are now being trained up in the way of the Lord, to become in their turn, we trust, also true servants of the Lord Jesus.

THE MOTHERS' FETE AT AUTEUIL.

[From a private letter from Mrs. Mitchell Tyng.]

To go by the river was the shortest way, as Dr. Benham lives only a short distance from the *quai*, and the *fête* was to be at Mrs. Benham's. It was a little hot going up on the boat about three o'clock, and walking to Dr. Benham's, but when one reached the place, and went through the hallway and the glass-enclosed verandah, there was a large and beautiful garden at the back of the house, and the women, some thirty, were sitting around in a grand circle, knitting and chatting in the most social manner. Mrs. Benham and her niece, a young English girl, were serving tea from some little tables which were a picture to see, with their white covers, silver tea service and pretty cups. Monsieur and Madame Jacques were there. They go to Geneva in August, where Monsieur Jacques takes the Young Men's Christian Union work as his charge. I made a little salutation to the women for our American Board, and they received it with great enthusiasm and very smiling faces. Later Mrs. Benjamin Flint, the President of the Brooklyn Auxiliary, came with a friend. The women are very intelligent, and it is a real pleasure to meet them. After the tea, M. Jacques read them an amusing French story, and later they sang the *cantiques*, and Dr. Benham prayed for the care of God through the summer. I am sure there were many grateful hearts for the privilege of such reunion and companionship. It was so close to nature and all spiritual influences, there under the blue sky, with the great trees and the encircling and protecting wall around. One might have been among the mountains of Switzerland, so far one seemed from the world's rush and trouble. And then came the quiet sail on the river, down to the Pont de l'Alma, past the Eiffel Tower and the Trocadéro, under the bridges. It was like a dream, with the soft flush of the sunset over all things.

E. M. T.

THE DYING MAN'S LITTLE BOOK.

[From a Sermon by Pastor Hirsch in Rue Royale Hall, Ascension Day, 1898.]

“A few years ago, I received a letter from the director of one of our large hospitals here asking me to go at once and visit a dying man who desired to see me. Arriving home very late that evening, I did not see the letter till it was impossible to go, and the following morning a student came to beg me to lose no time in coming, as the patient was sinking rapidly. I went, but arrived too late to see him in life. As I stood at the foot of the bed I seemed to recognize the features of the dead man, but had no clear recollection of ever having known him.

“The director said that he had a small book to give me, in which was a paper written by the man, which I was to read and forward to the sister whose name and address I should find written down. I took both book and paper and returned home. The book was a New Testament, and the paper was the last will of the poor man, or rather it was a history of his life, for he had nothing in the world to leave.

“This was his history as recorded with his own hand: Brought up by kind but too indulgent parents, he started life in business and for a time got on well. He married and had one child, a girl, born to him. After a certain time of prosperity and happiness, he began to fall into careless ways, and to spend his money foolishly. Then the mania for gambling took hold on him, and like so many of our young men, he was drawn in by betting and racing to waste time and money on the turf, that accursed thing that is ruining thousands. Soon he fell into great difficulties, and became a bankrupt, and, whether rightly or wrongly I know not, was accused of fraud in his affairs, was tried and condemned to four years' imprisonment.

“His poor wife and daughter were heart-broken at the ruin of the home and at the disgrace of the father and husband, and in their despair they committed suicide together.

“At the end of his term of imprisonment, the poor man came out to begin life again, alone, homeless, moneyless, hopeless. What was he to do? What hope was there for him? Shortly after leaving the prison, I believe only a day or two after, on Easter Monday he entered one of our halls for the first time, and he heard me speaking on the resurrection of our Lord, from the chapter in the gospel of John where Jesus said to Mary, ‘I ascend to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.’ I was trying to show the glorious results of this wonderful resurrection of our Saviour, and the new life to which He calls us with Himself. The words struck the poor, hopeless listener, as he

heard them often repeated, '*Je monte, Je monte.*' Here was something quite new to his ears. He had known indeed what it was to *descend*, lower and lower, past all hope and all expectation of recovery; but here was One who spoke of *going up* and *up* and *up*, and of taking us with Him. It was truly wonderful!

"At the close of the meeting he asked the door-keeper where he could procure a copy of the book from which I had read those words of encouragement, and he was provided with a Testament. With that book in his possession, taught by God's Spirit, and so far as I know by Him alone, for I did not gather that he had attended the meetings regularly, he found the way of life and salvation. With this new-born hope his conscience awoke within him. He owed money, he must try and repay it. So he got work, and toiled night and day with almost superhuman energy, to gain enough wherewith to pay his creditors. He succeeded in so doing, at any rate in a great measure, and then worn out, he asked shelter at the hospital gates that he might end his days in peace.

"He was a blessing in that hospital, the director, nurses, and students all being impressed by his calm, by his contentment, and by his evenness of disposition, for the peace of God reigned in his heart. The last words of his paper were evidently written but a short time before he passed away: 'And now I am at the end of my journey here. I am going up—I am going up to see my Father and my God. He has saved me, He has blessed me, He will receive me. I go to Him to be with him forevermore.'"

I AM SAVED! I AM SAVED!

It was a fine Sunday afternoon, 1898; as I was preaching, I noticed a well-dressed lady, and, as I thought, her maid, take a seat near the door.

"An American lady and her maid," I thought; and went on with my *allocution*. As soon as we had sung the benediction both came forward. It was a country dressmaker, and a farmer's daughter who had come to see the meetings.

We invited them to share our frugal meal. Once in the room, the lady's eyes were fixed on a picture of the Mission Boat. "Look here, Marie! Come and see!" she exclaimed to her companion. "You see that Boat, and the picture of the water? Well, I fell in just there. I was perishing like Peter, and cried like him, 'Lord, save me, or I perish.' And the Boat came and rescued me from perishing, and now, *I am saved! I am saved!*"

Her companion looked dazed, turned her eyes from the picture to her friend, and to her it was a parable. I gave the interpretation thereof. "That is it," the lady said, "I was perishing; now *I am saved!*"

AN AFTERNOON OF VISITS

Let me tell you of an afternoon of visits I made last week, with Mlle. Jeanne Cladière, in the Ivry quarter, near our salle in the Rue Nationale. It is the poorest quarter of Paris, far out from the centre, on the left of the Seine, the homes of the *chiffonniers*, the rag-pickers. The Rue Nationale, just within the fortifications, is a crowded street, the place of the people, with little shops of all descriptions. There was the Salle d'Ivry. It is a great strength to see over the doorway in such places in Paris, that magic word "CONFERENCES." One feels safe immediately. Mlle. Jeanne Cladière, the Bible reader, who was to go with me, was waiting in the children's school, where a young woman was holding forth to a room full. We started forth at once; she with a great black leather portfolio under her arm, such as lawyers or men of affairs over here carry. It gave her a look of great importance, I told her. She is a fine, self-reliant young woman; so intelligent, and knows well how to deal with the poor, the wretched poor of Ivry. She told me later in the afternoon that she had been a Romanist, and was converted under Mr. Greig's preaching.

Our first visit was down a dreary street to one of four large factory-like tenement buildings, standing separately, but all belonging to the same proprietor. "Les Moulines" they are called, which means "The Mills." Mlle. Jeanne told me four thousand people live in these four buildings. It makes me almost ill, even now, to think of the dark dirty halls, the dreadful odors, and the miserable rooms to which we went. The one redeeming feature was the large open window in each room, and a glimpse upward of the blue sky. We must first go up four flights of winding stairs to a funny little old English woman, who, Mlle. Jeanne said, had once been quite well placed, a governess or something, but for many years she has been growing blind, and poor soul, her little room showed the lack. Cobwebs hung from the walls, and such a collection of trumpery stuff filled the place there was hardly room to turn. Saddest of all, on the wall hung two oil portraits, a lady and gentleman. I mean the words as I use them. She told me they were her mother and brother. They were dim and begrimed, and had no right to be in such a place, save to follow the fortunes of one of their blood. The old woman was very cheery and chippy, and greeted me as her "compatriot" with much enthusiasm, and was exuberant when Mlle. Jeanne gave her the invitation for a little *fête*—a picnic, as we should say—in the Bois de Vincennes. That *fête* comes to-day, and, I am sorry to say, it rains. The little woman told me she had lived there eighteen years, and that our salle was her great comfort. She

says she knows the way so well she recognizes the down and the up steps, and knows just where she is on her route.

We made three visits, almost equally interesting, in the different buildings and then went to the street of the rag pickers, an alleyway, where I saw the carts, and the great heaps, and the men and women stretched about in the sun, and the little children playing so brightly, unmindful of their fate. It is these children who come to the schools, and many of these people also. They greeted Mlle Jeanne as we passed. Our visit was to an organ-grinder and his wife in this quarter, but his life must be a separate story when I come home. He was once a maker of fine *chaussures*, ladies' boots and shoes. He lost his eyesight suddenly, and since has earned his living with his organ. He is the most gentle, patient soul, and his wife is so attentive and faithful. Fancy my sitting there while he played a tune on his organ for my entertainment! I can assure you, though, he is quite intelligent. Then there was a young girl, a *concièrge* across the way, whose life is a wonder and a pathos. I shall write it out to tell you some time. It was quite late when we finished our round of visits. Our last turn was through the part they call in derision "La Cité Dorée," "The Golden City." I parted with Mlle. Jeanne at the Boulevard, where I took the tram which brought me finally to the Pont Neuf and Notre Dame. As Mademoiselle said "good-bye" she asked, "Madame, shall we go again?" and I answered, "Perhaps," but in my heart I said, "I have seen enough, enough." And as the omnibus rumbled and rattled along, my one thought was, "How can they live?" The story for them after the first of youth is "Endure and die."

When we got to the Pont Neuf I got down from the omnibus, and hardly knowing what impulse led me, I found myself turning down the *quai* to take one of the boats. I wanted the silence and the solitude. I could not go to the lightness of a table d'hôte dinner at a *pension* in the *Quartier Elysées*. I could not see the dress and hear the women and the men talk of the opera, the war, etc., until the memory of Ivry and its misery was not quite so fresh. Even now, when I look from my little balcony across the river in that direction, beyond the towers of St. Sulpice and the Pantheon, I think frequently of Ivry the wretched, but not altogether hopeless; thank God, there is a light there in our little *salle*. Monsieur Merle D'Aubigné and Mlle. Jeanne are doing all they can to keep it steady and bright, and we in America are helping them with both prayers and money. May it grow brighter.

FAITHFUL TO THE END.

A STORY OF ST. ETIENNE.

It is hard for those who have had the privilege of knowing the Scriptures from their youth, and of looking on them with the reverence due to their Divine inspiration, to understand the almost insurmountable difficulties that cross the path of the poor Roman Catholic whose soul is searching after light. The Roman Catholic mind is in almost total darkness as regards the Sacred Book. A woman went into a bookshop a short time ago at Clermont-Ferrand, the chief town of the adjoining department, to ask for a New Testament. The bookseller seemed never to have heard of it, as he told her that he did not think that book was published yet, but that he would write to Paris to inquire! This story, which is absolutely true, is only one amongst many others showing the ignorance of the people as regards the greatest gift of God to humanity. It is thus that when a soul is being awakened by the strivings of the Spirit of God, it has much to learn and unlearn. I do not believe that there is anything more interesting than to follow the development of the new life in a darkened Roman Catholic mind. What struggles, what doubts, what fears!

One of the interesting cases of the Mission here is that of Mme. B. This woman, like her husband, was a Roman Catholic, but unlike many to be found in this town, she was strongly attached to her Church, practising all the rites and ceremonies imposed on her with sincerity; but she did not know of that peace which passeth all understanding, as she told me many times afterwards. She dared not believe that assurance of full pardon was possible; she accepted what the Church said and taught, and did not trouble herself about any other question.

One day at the *lavoir* (washing-tank) a woman told her of our meetings, which were held in that quarter. She asked what was going on there, and when she heard that we were Protestants she said she would go to see what we were like, but only once. A few days afterwards she came with a neighbor, and was greatly surprised to hear us speak simply on the love of God; she had thought that we would have abused the priests and the Roman Catholic religion, and was ready to quit the *salle* if we had said one word against her belief. When the meeting was ended she left, saying that she would bring her husband the next time. True to her word, they both returned a few evenings afterwards, and finally became regular attendants. It was not long before the struggle commenced in Mme. B.'s soul. Was she to believe what she heard in the Gospel Hall and abandon the teachings of her Church, or could she continue to come to us (she seemed now unable to remain away) and yet remain a devout Catholic? These questions disturbed her mind greatly, and for a long

time she was in much distress. She read constantly the New Testament we gave her, which she accepted as God's Word, and she prayed much, but she wanted counsel and comfort, for she could find no peace.

How frequently in our visits did we try to direct her to Christ as her only source of salvation, but it seemed that the matter was too hard for her. However, one night a stranger was speaking in the hall on free grace, and he made the subject so clear that our friend was able to see it all. She passed that night in prayer, and in the morning she removed from her room all the symbols of the Roman Catholic religion—crucifix, holy water, beads, etc. From that moment she became a cheerful Christian, and showed by her life that she possessed the greatest of all treasures, eternal life.

Unfortunately, the days of Mme. B. were numbered. Consumption following an attack of typhoid fever was making rapid progress, and she felt that she had not long to live.

And now a very difficult question arose in her mind, and one which we have had more than once to face in our dealings with our converts, and that was, how was she to be buried? Her relatives, all Roman Catholics, insisted that she should not scandalize them by being followed to the grave by a Protestant pastor, while she felt that she would be acting unfaithfully to her Saviour if she did not so arrange. The thought perplexed her greatly, and her last days were much troubled by the protests of her people, who went so far as to threaten not to admit her to the family vault!

I did not wish to insist much on the subject, but I found it my duty to tell her that if, on the one hand, it mattered little to her by whom she was buried, yet, on the other, if she accepted the services of the pastor of the Free Church, she would by so doing manifest her faith to the end, and that many of her relatives and friends would have an opportunity of hearing the Gospel.

For several weeks I did not return to the matter, but I felt very anxious about it, and prayed earnestly that she might be given strength to listen to the voice of her conscience. However, the day before she died, she sent for me, and after praying with her, she told me in the presence of her husband that she had decided, cost what it should, to witness to the last for the Lord, and begged me to call the pastor, who also had been in the habit of visiting her.

Three days afterwards we accompanied the remains of Mme. B. to the Free Church, a great crowd of relatives and friends following; all entered the church. I may say here, by way of parenthesis, that the Roman Catholics always crowd the Protestant churches when interments take place, while they wait outside their own on similar occasions.

The pastor spoke with such earnestness on death and eternity that several

Roman Catholics were heard to say when the service was over, "That man made us tremble."

A few more words at the cemetery terminated the sad ceremony, and Mme. B. was placed in her last resting-place until the glorious resurrection.

Her son has since married a Christian girl, and both are decided in bringing up their children in the faith of the Gospel.

HASTINGS BURROUGHS, M. D.

A SPECIAL APPEAL FOR A SECOND BOAT.

[From the *Paris Quarterly*.]

It has long been our desire to have a second Boat afloat to use in the central parts of France. There is enough work for the *Bon Messenger* to do in the districts in which she has been working, and we have long felt the great need of a second to go farther toward the other parts which cannot be visited by the present Boat.

A lady in New York has most generously given the sum of *one thousand pounds* (\$5000) to be used for this purpose, if we so desire. She was at a meeting addressed by our friend, Mrs. Charles Le Gay, of Paris, and at once gave this large sum, which is placed at interest until needed.

We have received some other sums and some promises, which make up another *two hundred pounds* (\$1000) or *twelve hundred pounds* (\$6000) in all.

But the *new Boat will cost sixteen hundred pounds* (\$8000) to build and furnish. Since the *Bon Messenger* was constructed prices have risen considerably, and therefore to have a Boat with about the same accommodation, allowing a little more room for the captain and not reducing the sittings, we find that the above-named sum will be necessary. While it will be on the same lines as the *Bon Messenger*, it will be narrower and longer, so as to allow it to pass through all the locks on all the canals without difficulty.

We, therefore, make an appeal for the sum of *four hundred pounds* (\$2000) to enable us to begin the new Boat. We shall not give the order till this sum is made up, but we specially want it at once, as unless the work is soon put in hand, prices will go up still higher, and there will be great delays in its being finished, there being such a press of work coming on in preparation for the great Exhibition of 1900.

We, therefore, ask for *special contributions* for this purpose from all who feel able to help, and who take an interest in the evangelization of the villages and hamlets of France.

"He gives twice who gives quickly."

A TRIBUTE TO DR. McALL.

A memorial window to the memory of Dr. McAll was unveiled by Mrs. McAll last March, in Grange Congregational Church, Sunderland. Of this church Dr. McAll in his early ministry was founder. We condense the account in the July *Quarterly*.

After a short religious service the present pastor, the Rev. W. Spensley, said that he had not the opportunity of an intimate personal acquaintance with Dr. McAll; he had, however, seen his work while visiting Paris, and could testify to the great good that had been effected on a certain section of society in that important city through the agency of the "Mission McAll."

Mr. John W. Broderick, one of the deacons, then told how exactly fifty years ago the late Dr. McAll came to Sunderland as a young minister, fresh from college, to the pastorate of a chapel in that city, and how, after a little more than three years, he founded the church which is now the Grange Church. He had a ministry of much blessing, and the admissions to the church were as nearly as possible one individual each Sunday for the whole of the time he spent in Sunderland.

Mrs. McAll then unveiled the window, and addresses were delivered by two old friends of Dr. and Mrs. McAll.

The window contains three painted lights. The subject of the centre one is Christ's charge to His disciples to preach the Gospel; that of the left light, Christ blessing little children; that of the right side, Christ calling the weary and heavy laden to Him for rest.

The inscription is: Erected A. D. 1898, In Memory of the Rev. R. W. McAll, D. D., F. L. S., the Founder, in 1851, of the church now worshipping here, and the Originator, in 1872, of the "Mission McAll" in France, which from that time to the date of his death he personally conducted. Born December 17, 1821. Died May 11, 1893, in Paris.

In Memoriam.

By the death of Mrs. Harriet W. Goodrich, the Worcester McAll Auxiliary loses a most valued friend, whose interest has been unceasing for many years. She was a most earnest, devout Christian and an inspiring leader. Mrs. Goodrich was one of the best known Christian and philanthropic workers of Worcester, where she passed most of her life. She was for years active in the First Baptist Church, and at one time served most faithfully as President of the McAll Auxiliary. She was intensely interested in foreign mission work, and was a liberal contributor to its support.

NELLIE BROWN ANDREWS,
Cor. Sec. Worcester Auxiliary.

THREE DAYS IN BURGUNDY.

I found the Boat near a bridge that joins Bonnard to Busson into twin villages. Standing on the bridge I watched La Yonne in flood, its discolored water carrying along *debris* of wood and black reeds. It is not a beautiful river; I missed the clear water and golden lilies of the Marne, the large belt of feathery grasses that fringe La Seine, near Fontainebleau, the graceful willows that folded the Boat in a loving embrace on the Oise. Even the bank where the floating temple was looked melancholy, with its long, lank trees and the marsh near.

Disappointed, I went down the narrow steps to the river bank, and was well received by the skipper and his first mate (and helpmeet, indeed), who reminded me it was twelve months since I visited them.

M. Huet led me to the only Protestant in the vilage, who took in the preachers. Kind, hospitable hosts, thank you!

The meeting was at 7.30. The Boat was full, we had an attentive, appreciative audience, more than twenty-six persons had to stand. In the front was the aristocracy, maidens and their mothers, well dressed. Young men were absent. For Busson, that supplies wine and all the Burgundy snails for Paris, doesn't keep young men. Last year it had no conscripts, this year one

One face was striking; it fixed M. Huet's attention. Hair rough, sallow complexion, deep furrows crossed his brow. He put him down as a restless, tormented man, who had suffered much. It was the *tête brûlée* of the village, an anarchist, a hot-head but tender heart, as his sister told me. He slipped in, stood near the door, for his sister had requested him not to come, lest he should disturb the meeting. As a clever workman, a master builder, he admired the Boat. It was *chic*, well made, woodwork perfect.

After meeting we two walked together to the village. The sky was bright with stars; I called his attention to them, and to Him who made the stars also. He was pensive. Arrived at his home we awaited the ladies, and he pressed us to come in. The good wife threw off her bonnet and cloak, our hostess (his sister) lit the parlor lamps, the kitchen fire was hurried into the reception room and it soon blazed with a cheery flame, whilst homemade "*cassis*" was served round. The conversation between Protestant and Catholic waxed warm, I thought too warm. When I read Luke's Gospel it soothed the combatants, and my anarchist friend spake thus:

"Our village has 600 inhabitants, of whom 400 are Free Thinkers, the rest are Catholics or neutrals. Out of fifty funerals in the two villages thirty are without a priest, the others are buried by the Church to please our women-folks. My father's funeral was civil, my mother's religious to please my sisters.

And out of all the men there is *only one* who attends church, and he is a stranger, Père Martin, who lives with his daughter. "Père Martin, why he attends the Boat," I said. "Yes, he is 87 years old and a religious man."

"What is to be the end of these Godless villages?" I asked. "Sir," he said, "whose fault is it?" There was no answer given. What is the remedy? It is *Boat Missions*.

The next day he called to see me at his brother-in-law's. "I am an anarchist," he said; "I shall attend your meetings as often as I can, but I shall not come over to your side. I am a disciple of Sebastien Faure. 'No God, no master,' is my creed, and though I cannot go with the anarchist who would level down all property and destroy the family, I would suppress the army, the judges, and the police. Why, I was condemned to death as an incendiary three days after my marriage."

"Yes," said the wife; "tell Monsieur it was a mistake."

Friday came; it was my last meeting. I saw from a hill the twenty-two villages that cluster round this place, or a part of them, and was told they are all the same. The meeting at night was good. The anarchist sat by my side, quiet as a lamb. M. Huet gave out hymn 285, and he looked over my book, sang out lustily, "For me! I have a Saviour, I have my Saviour." The subject was, "The world to come."—Heb. ii: 8.

We were all invited to eat waffles at his house after the meeting; that is, the relatives, M. and Mme. Huet and I, and again he and I walked alone; he expressed his appreciation of the meetings.

We lingered long over the waffles, conversation was general, M. and Mme. Huet taking a large part of the talk. At eleven o'clock we went out, the moon was rising to light the crew of *Le Bon Messager* home, and he said he would accompany me to the door of my lodging. Our talk was on "Him again who made the stars," that shone with peculiar lustre.

The next morning, after my *café au lait* with our kind hosts, I set out for the station; the earth was frozen, air keen and bracing. Once over the bridge, I stepped into fairyland; a grand transformation had taken place. The hedges were all white, every branch of the tall trees were covered with delicate flowery hoar frost. As far as I could see all was fair and white and beautiful. The sun rose and tipped the trees with light; they shone like silver. Busson was like a bride adorned for her husband. So I thought is man common, nay vile, but when grace covers him with its mantle, redeemed, forgiven, he is also transformed—made whiter than snow.

GOOD TIDINGS FROM BOULOGNE.

LETTER TO AN AUXILIARY.

I visit, as regularly as possible, all those who attend our meetings, but I seek especially to be found at the houses of the sick. The wife of a sailor whose absence I had remarked at two consecutive meetings, a rare thing for her, had sent and asked me to visit her. She lives at the farthest end of the quarter inhabited by the seafaring people, and when I go to her house I always ask myself, without feeling sure of the answer, if they would see me often at the meeting if I were to live so far away.

She was telling me how she had suffered and what she had done for her relief (this is the way almost all my visits begin), when there came in a sailor and his wife, to see if there was anyone who could write a letter for them, for the majority of the sailors can neither read nor write. The woman of the house not being well could not write, and she thought God Himself had sent me there to do it for her. It was a very important letter, addressed to the Director of the Marine Department, to ask him to reimburse them for clothing lost in a shipwreck that happened four months ago. While he was dictating and I was trying to express it in the best manner, I was struck by his name, which was that of one of my Sunday-school children who had died at sea about the time this wreck occurred. This was indeed the father and mother of my poor little scholar. The barque upon which he was with his father and four men was run aground on a sandbar. Three men escaped by swimming ashore, but the child, the father and another sailor could not swim, so remained on board waiting for rescue. It did not come and a gust of wind turned the barque upon its side, the sail dipped into the water, and there was no hope of saving the boat. The little boy tried to reach the shore, but he soon sank; the sailor tried to rescue him, but was lost with him. The father saw it all, but was unable to help them as he could not swim. He was found unconscious, and carried to a house where efforts were made to restore him. When he came to himself he wished to return to the sea to look for his child, they restrained him by force, but the next morning, as soon as day broke, they were obliged to let him depart. He went out upon the sandy beach; he said he was like a demented person, he could not think. He saw some clothing floating, it was what the sailors call a "*vareuse*" (a short coat); it was that of his child. He found his body quite near to that place, took him in his arms, without knowing what he did, embraced him, then covered his face with his clothing, repeating without ceasing, "My child, my child." On telling me all this, he added: "You see, Mademoiselle, this child was all that I loved best in the world. I loved him more than my wife, she can tell you so, and I

was not able to save him. It is God who took him from me." The grief of the man, who was repeating this tale, perhaps for the hundredth time, was sad to see ; and when I prayed, afterwards, I could not restrain my tears, it was from the depths of my heart, that I asked my Heavenly Father to touch the hearts of these poor friends, and that even in this trial they might feel His love. I asked the mother : " Did you know that he came to the Sunday-school ? " " Indeed I did. I have yet on the mantel all the pictures which he brought home, and the very last Christmas he had from it a box of tools." And I felt that this woman recalled how her son, he was only fifteen, was happy that day ; and I also could see him again, so small, so frail, that I would never have supposed that he would be a sailor, but these children can no sooner speak than they ask to be taken to sea. Poor mothers !

The man who perished with this young lad was also a frequenter of our meetings. Some months before he had come to talk with me ; he wished to be married in the Reformed Church. He came with his intended wife ; I tried to find out why he had not gone to the priest. All I could discover was that they preferred that which they had heard at the meeting. This was so vague that I insisted on knowing more. The man could not articulate plainly, in consequence of an accident he received, a blow upon the head from a mast. The wife, with a rare timidity, dared not say anything. " You love God, do you not ? " " Oh, yes, yes." " If God should call you to Him soon, do you know whether you would be saved ? " " I do not know." I tried to make them understand that which God has done for us ; that we will go with Him into His glory, if we believe in Jesus with all our heart. I made them repeat it like all the little ones. I believe I have never before seen such people. It appears that this man had remained three hours on his knees, in the barque before he was rescued. God only knows what passed in this poor soul, and I shall be happy to see him again on high.

After experiences of this kind you will easily understand that I am very patient with the children of poor sailors who come to the school. They are often noisy, they make disturbance, but I do all that I can to keep them, for perhaps it is the last time that they will come ; God may take them on the next voyage. It is needful that to-day something should penetrate their hearts, for it may be that it will return to them at their last moment.

I have been pleased to learn that these people received a reply to their letter, and that with the indemnity they have been able to secure necessary clothing for going to sea.

J. M.

"THE BOAT! THE BOAT! OH, HOW I LOVE THE BOAT!"

[From the Paris *Quarterly*.]

I was asked lately to conduct an American lady, a missionary on her way back to Armenia, about Paris, that she might see something of this gay city. After visits to the American and Turkish consulates, we went to the Eifel Tower, to get a look at the city spread beneath us. The silver river, the gilded dome of Napoleon's tomb, the busy streets lined with rows of trees, all contributed to make truly a lovely picture, and my companion was greatly struck with all she saw, finding it most beautiful, even after the scenes she had witnessed in the Far East.

Being somewhat fatigued, we sought a resting-place in the gardens of the Trocadéro, and as we chose out a shady seat the missionary lady said to me, eagerly, "Now, tell me all about the McAll Mission," not a very easy matter to accomplish in half an hour. As we sat down, a lady rose and came towards us. "Oh, Mr. Brown," said she, "is it you? It is such a time since I saw you. I am so glad to meet you. Where do you preach now?" Madame was so bent on asking questions that I had really not time to begin to answer the first, but at last we got seated, and then I said to my companion, "As you want to know about the work, suppose we listen first to this lady's story, and you will be able to gain some interesting information."

"Where is the Boat?" asked Mme. B. "When is it coming again to Paris? Oh, the Boat; how I love it! What good meetings we had on board, did we not? You know that I am with you now. I am a member of the church of Pentemont (Pastor Couve's), and attend there regularly, and I go to the Rue Royale Sunday afternoons. And what do you think? My friends say that I have changed my religion. What nonsense! Why, I had no more religion than there is in my old shoe! I was entirely ignorant of such things, and all I know I learned on the Boat. And now I am happy, so happy." Her voice and her face were proof sufficient of her joy.

We had to take leave and hasten into a cab, and as we parted she again exclaimed, "Oh, how I love the Boat!"

And so do we all, and so do you, dear readers, and, therefore, we ask you to help us to carry on this blessed work, and thus to bring light to the ignorant. Mme. B. is a lady in good position, and with every advantage, as we are accustomed to say, and yet, living in Paris, she confesses that until drawn by curiosity to come to the Boat a few years ago, she was entirely ignorant of the way of salvation, and careless as to her soul's destiny. And this lady is but a type of thousands in this great city.

A LETTER FROM LIMOGES.

One of my women had asked for a family Bible ; she had not the patience to wait for one hundred *bon points*, but brought fifty, and the equivalent of the others in money. It so happened that the stock had run out, and the poor woman was so disappointed. I wrote to Paris, but unfortunately the Bureau was in process of making up the accounts, and I had to wait till they were closed, before they opened the next series. It was a few weeks only, but months to that woman, who asked at every meeting, “*Et ma Bible ?*” At last, on Saturday night the books arrived, and on the Monday I said the Bibles had come ! You should have seen those women untying the cords, and the delighted look on their faces, as the Bibles came to light. Then to see the woman I have mentioned walking off with her very own Bible under her arm, was a sight worth seeing. “Now I have what I wanted,” she said, and her “*Merci*” was worth coming to Limoges to hear.

Sunday she was not at the meeting, and when I asked her to-day why not, she said she had got ready, then sat down to read her Bible till it was time to start, and she was so delighted and interested she never thought any more about the hour till some time after four o'clock.

Last night we had a temperance meeting at the Clos Ste Marie, the first we have had there. We had fifty-six people and several children. Some of my *Jeunes Filles* (Y. W. C. A.) who were there, asked me to explain more about the pledge to them at our meeting this evening. One of our young men, who has lately signed the total abstinence pledge, brought an old drunkard to the meeting, and tried to encourage him to sign—to no purpose that time, but it was a good exercise for him, and the old man evidently listened to the conference, which M. Jacques made very interesting.

The shop at the entrance to the court where our Cours Bregeaud hall is has just changed hands, and is going to be turned into a public house. We shall probably have to think of moving, as there are sure to be inconveniences. We should be glad to have a larger and more central hall, but they are very difficult to find ; then we have our *salle* for the soldiers here, and also we do not want to go very far away, as we have several families of our most interesting Catholics, who already have a long way to come to get here. We must look around. God is sure to give us the place we need in time, only it is difficult to know what to decide.

Some of my *Jeunes Filles* have saved up their *bon points* to have real family Bibles for their mothers. One girl who is rather original, said the bigger the Bible the better, and when I asked her why, “Oh, that the *curé* and the *bonnes sœurs* (sisters of charity) may not be able to avoid seeing

it when they call on my mother !” She seemed quite ready for a controversial discussion ! I think she is really in earnest, very attentive and regular at the meeting, and shows by her remarks that she thinks. She is a washer-woman, poor child, and has fearfully hard work. The women washing at the river-side call her “the Protestant,” and tease her ; she retaliates by singing our hymns at the top of her voice. “What do I care for their insults ? I had sooner be a Protestant than be like them.”

* * * * *

M. Boyer tells me that one of the soldiers who has recently become an abstainer has been on furlough to his home, and has withstood all the threats, entreaties, etc., of his friends to “have a glass,” even of a cousin who keeps a public house.

There are half a dozen young men who come lately to the Y. M. C. A. meetings, and that the old members find very encouraging. The Soldiers’ Christian Association and the Civilians’ C. A. have merged into one, with the soldier mentioned above as president, and they have decided to give four or five francs a month to the Mission.

ELSIE DE GARIS.

TABLE TALK AT SALLE RIVOLI.

After our adult school, and previous to our evening meetings, the teachers and an occasional visitor take tea together, and tongues are set loose often for profitable conversation.

The tea was handed round, I as *père de famille* had cut the bread, when Mr. L. said :

“Do you know a Mr. Guibal, an old man with a white head ?”

“Guibal ! Guibal !” I said, for I have a sad weakness for names. They run through my memory like water through a sieve. At last it came back. I fixed it by the white head. “Yes ! I remember him, and have lost sight of him.”

“Well, he is found. A lady called upon me lately and said : ‘Oh, I have found a pearl, a real pearl, an old man of eighty years old, who goes about the streets of Charonne giving away tracts and talking to the people. You must come and see him.’ So I went.

“He asked me, ‘Do you know Mr. Brown who preaches at the Salle, McAll ? Well, I used to attend the Brethren’s Meeting at our house, but my head was hard, and my heart shut, and I could not understand a word ; then I came to Paris, and a sermon on the cross flashed light into my mind. I heard, I understood how Christ died for me. I believed. Oh, if my children would only go to the Salle McAll, they would be saved also.’”

Now this pearl is a fisher of men, fishing in Charonne, if haply he may save some.

THE EIGHT DAYS MISSION IN SALLE NEW YORK.

The meetings were special, not in the sense of our having an outside popular Evangelist to draw in a crowd, for home talent was mostly used, but special in being commenced each evening and followed by a prayer service. Special also by a generous diffusion of hand-bills, inviting outsiders to come and hear, and in the spirit of expectation called forth. We had two large meetings, both on evenings when we had gone forth to canvass the adjoining streets. My lot was to visit the Island of St. Louis, "Old Lutece," and we caused quite a sensation in offering tracts and hand-bills, and succeeded in drawing in a number of strangers. Only one refusal was met with. Most thanked us very cordially for the tract and invitation.

At one of the large meetings we had Pastor Jean Meyer and Mr. Webber, late of Cannes; both addresses were warm, earnest appeals, and will not easily be forgot. The best meeting probably was the smallest in attendance. It was a cold, wet night. M. Jean Monnier preached on the lost piece of silver. At the *tête-à-tête* meeting that followed, our Bible woman was on her knees with a fallen woman, who wept bitterly, and afterwards visited her at home. Mr. Van der Becken had a Protestant in tow, a man ruined by drink, a regular attendant at our meetings; he has taken up the case, and he is full of hope of saving this man in body and soul. The poor drunkard has taken the pledge, and keeps it; he is now clothed in decent clothes, and has the promise of a fresh start in life.

About 10 o'clock I went out to take a bus; the rain was falling and a man was waiting for me outside, and was in tears. He said: "Oh, Mr. Brown, what shall I do? I am the lost piece of silver!" I made an appointment to meet him the next evening, when he confessed his sin, and we prayed together.

Sometime afterwards a person said to me: "What has happened to Mr. L.? He looks so bright and happy." I could answer: "I think he knows now, 'Happy is the man whose sin is forgiven.'" These men are still needing special nursing, for they are babes. One has been in hospital, and already another is gone.

We had a visit from two noblemen, an English lord and a Russian count; both came on Sundays, and were not down as speakers. Lord Radstock has written to me to express his pleasure at seeing such an attentive and numerous audience. He writes:

"Thankful to see such interesting results of your steady work.

RADSTOCK."

Our other guest was a banished Russian count; we shall not soon forget his testimony. As he told us how the petted son, the clever dancer of the

Court of St. Petersburg, who had the world in one hand and a Bible in the other, whose head was in the world, and his heart yearning after Christ, at last gave himself without reserve to God. When the meeting was over I lost sight of the Russian nobleman. He was on his knees with a market porter, pleading for his conversion.

Of real permanent results we can say nothing. The flowers of promise we saw, and rejoiced over. Our hope is that the green fruit will not fall as untimely figs, but grow to maturity. These special meetings were repeated in Salle Boston and Grenelle.

THE REPRODUCTIVE WORK OF THE MISSION.

Our teachers were taking tea together after Sunday-school, when Miss Johnson said: "We had a very interesting service to-day in the Rue de Lille Church, when under the presidency of Messrs. Saillens, Sainton, Pasteur Dez, a young man was formally set apart for the Congo Mission. His testimony was that he lived at Marseilles and had resolved to go to Australia to make his fortune, when in passing a Salle McAll was arrested by a text: 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul.' He went in and the nail was driven home by the address, and led to his conversion. He was soon after baptized, and from the first he had a desire to go out to Africa as a missionary; but he had had to serve his country as a soldier before he could serve his King as an ambassador. After studying at Dr. H. Guinness's College, in London, he is now going forth to the Congo to make men rich with the true riches. Young, strong, energetic, he is going to push out into virgin soil to plant the cross in heathen lands. His family have cut him off; they refuse even to receive a farewell visit. Freed from all earthly ties he is going forth to serve the Lord Christ. Another instance of the great fruitfulness of the Marseilles Branch; another proof of the missionary spirit that takes hold of the Mission converts."

FRIDAY, APRIL 22. WEEKLY PRAYER MEETING.

War declared between America and Spain. The war cloud hovered over the meeting; it was in all hearts, and the sympathy towards America was manifested by a French layman, a Protestant pastor and an English lady. It is an unusual thing for ladies to pray at a meeting where there are so many pastors and Evangelists. On my referring to this, and the unanimity of feeling as expressed in prayer by Protestant France, Christian England and the McAll Mission, I received the following note from the lady who prayed:

"As to my prayer last Friday, it was pressed home upon me, how *our friends* in America must be suffering at present with the horrors of war over-

shadowing them, and the thought of how Miss Beach and many other noble women of America had come to the aid of our Society, and were now even helping us by their prayers and money, moved me to express in loving sympathy, which I am sure many hearts were feeling that day, asking that God would sustain and strengthen them in this their time of need."

Such is the feeling as voiced by our meeting. I am almost tempted to add the words of the well-known hymn, though not the first line, for America is not fearful or wanting in courage; but the last lines express our hearts' desire and prayer to God:

The clouds * * *
Are big with mercies and shall break
In blessings on your heads.

S. R. B.

GOING DOWN THE YONNE

We left the *Bon Messager* at Laroche, where the meetings were just beginning. There were just twenty-four meetings held, and the average attendance was not less than 182, carefully counted. Seeing that there are only 160 seats on board, it will be imagined that the people crowded together, while many stood outside to listen.

Pastor Fourneau says of the meetings there: "This is a place of about 3000 inhabitants, being a junction on the P. L. M. Railway. The houses stretch for over a mile along the canal. What meetings we had, and in the midst of such bad weather, too! Rain, cold cutting winds, snow storms, all seemed against us, but the people crowded in, and the wonder was that so many could squeeze into such a small space. I had twenty-two children sitting at my feet, and all as attentive as could be. It was truly a privilege to speak to such congregations."

M. Huet mentions several interesting facts that came to his knowledge. A workingman said on the last evening, "I have now twenty-four tracts," meaning that he had not missed a single meeting, as each person receives a tract on leaving. "We shall not forget a young woman who attended all the meetings, and who each Thursday afternoon brought a poor child of thirteen years of age, infirm and unable to walk, who came up in her invalid chair, and was carried by the mother to the Boat. It was difficult to say which of the two enjoyed the meeting the most, they both so loved to come and to sing the hymns, and the poor dear child seemed to forget for the time her weakness and sufferings. Her eyes lit up with joy as she listened to the Bible lessons."

"One sad event pained us greatly. A poor old woman was so angry at

seeing the crowds going nightly to the meetings that she fell down dead, her extreme anger having brought on, it was said, an attack of apoplexy."

The next station was Joigny, a small town of over 6000 inhabitants. Here is quartered a regiment of dragoons, and the place has a bad reputation as being very corrupt. Our friends thought that the numbers would be much less than previously, but they were agreeably disappointed, and the meetings, if not so crowded, were always well attended, and much interest was awakened. "At one meeting," says M. Fourneau, "I had as auditors the Procureur de la République and his wife, the Sous-Prefet, and the Maire, and also the Juge de Paix. The Procureur pulled from his pocket a Bible, and with his wife followed my address most attentively, referring to the passages of Scripture as I mentioned them."

There are some Protestants living at Joigny, but there is no place of worship. It is hoped that meetings will be held here regularly, as in other places, now that the Boat has made such a stir.

The next move was a little farther down stream to Cézzy, where the Boat still is, as we write. This village and the next contain about 1330 persons, and the same affluence at each meeting has been seen as at Laroche. They come from quite long distances evening after evening, notwithstanding the constant rain. A few evenings since, Dr. and Mrs. Benham were there with Mrs. Thomas Matheson, and although a violent storm broke, and deluges of rain fell, every seat was filled and the peasants came trooping in, wet through, many of them. "Oh," said a good man, "I wish that the Boat could stay a whole year, that we could have Mme. Matheson, and M. Fourneau, and the dear Huet family always with us."

M. Fourneau is looking forward with great pleasure to having the Boat for a good long spell at Sens, where he is now pastor, and where the church is sustained by the Société Evangélique.

We ask again special prayer for this good work, and also for help. We had a debt on the Boat last year, the donations not being nearly sufficient to pay its expenses. *The cost, all included, is one pound a day.* Could not many send on this sum to carry on the work day by day?

We would point the attention of our readers to the twelfth booklet added to the list on another page: "The Claims of France," by Joseph G. Alexander, of England. It is very much what is needed in pressing the claims of the Mission upon those who do not quite see why we should support a Mission in France. The new booklet may be procured at the Bureau in any quantity, for ten cents a dozen, postpaid.

THE ANNUAL MEETING IN PARIS.

By some oversight no account of the May meeting in Paris has as yet reached us. From the *Englische Libre* of the week following the meeting, we borrow the following report:

It was Sunday. The public which generally attend religious assemblies hardly ever go out on Sunday evening, and the popular element dominates. There are many working women from the four corners of Paris who have come in little groups, on foot, by omnibus, by boat, and we know of one whole caravan of thirty persons of whom the leader alone was a Protestant by birth.

The electric lights recently placed in the Temple of the Oratoire brought out with unfamiliar distinctness the old arches which resounded with the rapid measure of the popular hymns. [The old hymns of the French Protestant Churches are sung in exceedingly slow time.—ED.]

After a prayer by Mr. Couve, Mr. Louis Sautter commented most appropriately upon the first verses of Matthew 24: "The words of war which reach us from across the Atlantic, the seductions of materialistic incredulity and of fashionable theology, the enraged cries of reviving clericalism, the coldness and cowardice of so many of the sons of those who were once persecuted, but also the ever extending and now rapid conquests made by the 'Gospel of the Kingdom,' all these bid us persevere; he who persevereth unto the end shall be saved."

Mr. Greig gave a sketch of the activity of the Mission during the year, citing picturesque and pathetic details which moved his hearers to alternate smiles and tears. Yes, in this closing century, when population is continually accumulating in the great industrial hives, and the question of the *proletariat* is becoming daily more menacing, this popular work becomes ever more indispensable, bringing as it does the Gospel of uplift and peace to the thousands in our great cities who are living without God and without hope.

Mr. K. Arnt, the General Secretary of the Belgian Mission, told of the work of his church in the coal regions. The characteristic of this work is the activity of the lay members of the churches, workingmen, metallurgists, glass-blowers, or miners; these men are not great speakers, but they are men of conviction, who do not fear to bear testimony to the Gospel which has transformed their lives.

M. Villéger, the pastor at Auxerre, spoke of the campaign of the Mission Boat on the Yonne. Its success has surpassed all expectation, notwithstanding the furious opposition of the Catholic clergy and the materialistic indifference of the population. The Boat has been filled with dense crowds at almost every station, souls have been converted, and the Boat has left a luminous trail behind it. A prayer by Pastor G. Meyer closed this delightful meeting.

RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION FROM
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FROM MARCH 15 TO SEPTEMBER 15, 1898.

MAINE, \$229.03.

Bath Auxiliary	\$ 81 59
Legacy—Mrs. H. N. Haley (additional)	42 41
Portland Auxiliary	105 00

VERMONT, \$83.63.

Burlington Auxiliary	\$ 83 63
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MASSACHUSETTS, \$893.48.

Amherst Auxiliary	\$ 50 00
Boston "	165 00
Boston—Collection at Annual Meeting	45 43
Easthampton Auxiliary	70 00
Lowell—S. Robitsek	7 00
Northampton Auxiliary	90 05
Pittsfield "	50 00
Salem "	190 00
Whitinsville—Mr. Edward Whitin	50 00
Worcester Auxiliary	173 00

CONNECTICUT, \$977.22.

Greenwich—Second Congregational S. S. \$	11 24
Hartford Auxiliary	601 78
Meriden "	129 00
New Britain "	125 20
New Haven "	42 00
New London "	30 00
Norwich "	37 00

RHODE ISLAND, \$150.43.

Rhode Island Auxiliary	\$ 150 43
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NEW YORK, \$4,540.13.

Albany Auxiliary	\$ 315 00
Brooklyn "	668 43
Buffalo "	189 06
New York "	2,603 75
Poughkeepsie—Second Reformed Church	10 00
Rochester Auxiliary	10 00
Syracuse "	187 50
Troy "	420 45
Utica "	136 00

NEW JERSEY, \$2,231.81.

Belvidere Auxiliary	\$ 60 00
Elizabeth "	819 19
Madison Presbyterian Sunday School	50 00
Morristown Auxiliary	131 25
Newark "	126 00
New Brunswick Auxiliary	259 00
" " Livingston Ave. Baptist S. S.—"In Memoriam"	25 00
Orange Auxiliary	657 87
Trenton "	73 50

PENNSYLVANIA, \$2,043.13.

Chester and Vicinity Auxiliary	\$ 85 00
Easton Auxiliary	80 00
Gleu Summit Chapel	21 02
Philadelphia Auxiliary	700 52
Pittsburgh and Allegheny Auxiliary	883 50
Oxford Auxiliary	52 83
Seranton "	146 81
Wilkes-Barre Auxiliary	52 50
Williamsport "	21 00

DELAWARE, \$285.00.

Dupont Memorial	\$ 225 00
Wilmington Auxiliary	60 00

MARYLAND, \$640.10.

Baltimore Auxiliary	\$ 640 10
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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$340.00.

Washington Auxiliary	\$ 340 00
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OHIO, \$345.92.

Cincinnati Auxiliary	\$ 115 50
Cleveland "	80 00
Dayton "	42 25
Springfield "	98 17
Wooster—Prof. H. G. Behotgny	10 00

INDIANA, \$190.00.

Indiana Auxiliary	\$ 190 00
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ILLINOIS, \$3.00.

Chicago Auxiliary	\$ 3 00
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KENTUCKY, \$89.46.

Louisville Auxiliary	\$ 89 46
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MISSOURI, \$34.26.

St. Louis Auxiliary	\$ 19 29
Springfield—Union Missionary Society	14 97

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I do give, devise and bequeath to the American McAll Association the sum of _____ dollars.

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I do give and devise to the American McAll Association the following described property.

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Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur

known as the

Mission Populaire Evangélique de France

*Paris and its Environs, Versailles, Sèvres, Lagny-sur-Marne, St. Germain,
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